

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun...

GLADYS GREY: A PASTORAL.

She had come to the little country town,
Stedwell, in the autumn of the previous year,
When the apples were falling in red and golden showers...

A jury of matrons met together shortly
After Gladys Grey's arrival in their midst,
At afternoon tea in Mrs. Pender's best drawing room...

Edgar Thring made a discovery, Mrs. Grey had a taste for water-color sketching.
He, thereupon, found little difficulty in persuading her that the old mill upon the Stead...

Edgar Thring told himself that he had had a good day,
And that he must take yet another holiday and come on the morrow.
And so they two walked slowly homeward...

succession as her mood changed in a bewitching, fanciful way?
or could it be her voice, so full of melodious inflections,
at times so piteous and again so utterly weary...

One day the fisherman was at his post,
armed with a book of flies, his rod, line and basket,
disconsolately flicking the sleepy waters...

Another fish rose, took a bite at the fly,
and, with a sharp struggle shaking itself free,
disappeared again. The water bubbled slightly...

Upon reaching the town, he walked straight up to the high street,
never halting until he stood opposite Gladys Grey's little garden.
He pulled the bell violently, as though he had come on a matter of life and death...

A tiny note, one of the creamiest of cream-like notes,
was left at his office by a messenger that evening.
He opened it with trembling fingers; but his teeth were hard set, and his eyes—although glistening, unaturally brilliant—were a firm, determined expression...

will power, Edward Thring advanced to her,
she half lay, half sat, huddled, as she had fallen.
His face was distorted, the pupils of his eyes seemed to have grown.
He stooped down and kissed her between the eyes...

For a moment he hesitated, standing in the doorway.
Then he advanced with outstretched hands.
"I have come, Gladys," he said.
She turned and faced him fully.
For the first time he noted the change that had taken place in her since last he set eyes upon her lovely face...

Edgar Thring almost shouted the last word.
His eyes flashed, he clenched and unclenched his fists, as one who can scarce control himself.
"God is my judge, I did not think you meant—meant anything," she continued.
"but when I got that letter, I saw it all—saw that I had done wrong, very wrong—saw that I ought to have told you that I was married, that my husband was alive."

His hand was pressed tightly against her heart, as though to stay its throbbing.
Her blue eyes wore the look of a hunted animal, an animal that had been hounded down—down to its death—and was enduring the tortures of its final worrying.
"Can you forgive me?" she asked, and the sound of her voice was like a long, low cry of pain.

When President Cleveland was elected in 1892,
he brought forth these hardy men from his winter's obscurity in the forests where they prepared their timber for market and conveyed it to the banks of streams tributary to the large rivers.
The North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, the Allegheny, the Monongahela, the Delaware and the many smaller tributary streams have presented thrilling pictures of the busy life of the Pennsylvania forests from headwaters to market.

Nothing Above the Table.
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She was delighted with the city, but was considerably shocked at the "decoherence," of some of the costumes at the balls.

the black rain clouds chased one another in quick succession across the darkened sky.
The pale moon now and again glancing fitfully between the fleeting, sullen masses of vapor.
The stars were entirely obscured.
At intervals vivid flashes of lightning lit up the sky.
No sound could be heard save the growling and gurgling of the rain and the creaking of the old mill, which exhibited signs of being wrecked entirely by the forces of the gale and rushing current.

Edgar Thring, heedless of the elements, made his way leisurely in the direction of the mill.
He could not sleep, he could not stop at home on such a night; and, moreover, something seemed to impel him toward that light in the river side, where the waters lay undisturbed by the mill wheel, where he had played at catching trout, and she had deftly plied her patient brush, and where both of them had learned to love.

Another flash of lightning lit up the scene from the zenith to the horizon.
He saw the mill standing next to the mill-race to his right.
And once again his fancy played strange tricks with his vision; he thought he saw "her" frail, girlish figure to the left, seated upon the camp stool near the water's edge, as in the past, sketching the scene before her.
Once again came a loud thunder crash.

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OUR PENNSYLVANIA FORESTS.

Extracts from Gov. Hastings Arbor Day Address—Delivered at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Friday April 10th.

The name "Arbor Day" was first suggested by the present United States Secretary of Agriculture, and was first observed in 1872 in his own State of Nebraska.
Since that time, public interest in American forestry has been growing.
The influence of the public schools, of the several State agricultural departments and the general trend of public interest have been such that to-day but two States and one Territory fail to observe "Arbor Day."

The necessity for the preservation and reinforcement of our forests is no longer open to argument.
Our national existence, being in its youth, we have not gathered all the experience of the passing generations at home.
Most of it came from other countries.
At the time when our land was covered from Maine to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Alleghenies, with unbroken forests, which disappeared before the woodman's axe and in response to the demand for cleared land wherein to plant corn and wheat and whereon to build towns and cities, the older civilizations of Europe were studying a different lesson.
We were developing a tree-destroying instinct, while France, Germany, Spain and Switzerland were realizing that there were in each country certain exposed areas from which, if the forests were removed, these and adjacent regions would cease to be productive and consequent famine would compel the populations to seek homes elsewhere.

France simply formulated her experience, when by her laws she declared that trees were more necessary to the State than to the individual and therefore the latter should not be allowed to destroy them at will.
The inhabitants of Persia, Egypt and Mesopotamia perished, in a national sense, with their forests; and both, in the ruins of their former glory, were a warning to after generations.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Clover tea is excellent for purifying the blood, clearing the complexion and removing pimples.
Dried clover may be used for tea.

Dr. Alice R. Foster, who has charge of the physical training at Bryn Mawr, believes that physical education, besides developing the body, has a moral and physical effect.
It teaches young women the value of control of emotions, it imbues them with a healthy idea of life, and does away with the morbidness and sentimentality so common in boarding schools of a generation ago.

High school pupils of the Osborne, Kane, High School have two excellent baseball teams.
The Spring girl whose lodgie is not finished with a belt of some kind is not in the swim.
The flat of fashion says belt is obsolete.
The only question is which shall it be?

Good-bye to the broad belt.
Many twists of ribbon band the waist of the modern gown.
If tightly worn they give the French long-waisted effect so much sought after, but when a large woman with clothes by no means snug fits parts on a narrow ribbon-twisted belt she has very much the appearance of a bag with a string tied in the middle.

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